

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the men
are all a-field. . .
It was an hour and more ago I saw them
in the corn,
Joy has the table spread and the harvest
apples peeled,
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the moon
is in the skies;
With sweeter, lustier voice than yours was
never woman born;
But your call will not reach to the field be-
yond the rise,
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the har-
vest is begun;
Half the rye is in the sheaf, the field is
lying shorn;
The men must take a breath and be out into
the sun,
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the heat
is very sore;
I know it by the blinking sun, the twisting
of the corn,
The pail will be dry and the men will thirst
for more,
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Go, Mary, blow the horn! The wind is in
the south;
Go out upon the hill where the echo will
be borne,
Then blow of ringing blast from a full red
mouth!
Go, Mary, go and blow the horn!
Go, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are
still a-field;
There's Peter in the yellow rye and I Dennis
in the corn;
Josie has the table spread and the harvest
apples peeled,
Ah, go, Mary, go and blow the horn.
—Dora Reel Goodale.

'ONE MORE'

I knew perfectly well all along that he were after something of the sort. It began by him a-seeing of her home one night from a concert. What there is in these here now-fangled concerts I can't see; none of your squalling, screechy haltoes and tenners and fasetterers for me. Give me a good roaring old chorus, where it don't signify what to one you likes to work in—the more the merrier. But, as I said, it begun along of one of these concerts. Katie—that's my daughter; and a pretty, well-ditted, trim-built little craft as I ever see, tho' I says it—had been to sing one of her songs—the "Old Gray Robin." I think they call it—no, "Old Robin Gray," that's it—and to join on account of it a-comin' on to rain a bit, he must convey her into harbor. I 'eered the knock, and I went to the door myself.

"Oh, thank you, papa, dear," says Katie, giving me a k-ss and a hug. "This is Mr. Charlie Hall, who has been so kind as to see me home."

"Good-evening, Captain Quarters," he says, a-ailing me.

"Good-evening, Mr. 'All," I says, a-ailin' him back. "I daresay you my daughter." I says, "could have fetched port all right without none of your convey." I says; "but as you are here," I says, very polite, "cast anchor for a spell," I says.

"Do you mean come in?" he asks, laughing, and in he comes very quick.

I'd been having a glass of grog, or maybe five or six, while I was waiting for Katie to come in, and I see Katie up with the tray and put everything in the cupboard as soon as we got in the room.

That was always the one weak point in that girl's character. Soon as ever I give up the sea and settled ashore to watch over her, which was when her mother went on the last cruise of all, poor lass! that gal began a-limitin' my grog. She wasn't nasty about it, but when she thought I'd had enough, off went the tray, and if I said I wanted some more, she used to come and kiss me, and say: "I don't think you do, papa, dear—do you?" and somehow I never did want no more then.

Well, just as we all three got settled round the fire that evenin'—Katie by the table, and me and young 'All, one to port and t'other to starb'd of the coals—I fills up my pipe and hands over another long clay to him, along of some nice black tobacy. He fills his pipe, but as to smokin' it—well, he puffed and gasped and coughed, and grew black and green and blue in the face; and at last he said he remembered he had promised his widdered mother never to smoke cavendish.

"He's a milksop," I says to myself.

Not that he were a bad-lookin' sort of a lubber. He stood somewhere about six feet, and had a fine navy-blue sort of a heyne, and a figure-head as was neat and smart.

Soon I wanted another glass of grog—wanted it bad. Of course, if young 'All had a glass, I should be forced to drink one with him, so, when Katie wasn't looking, I says, in a 'usky voice, "Awast!" I says.

"What's the matter, captain?" he says, bending forrard.

I jerks my thumb to Katie, and winks very deep and artful, thinkin' he'd understand what I was driving at. Then I says:

"Katie, my dear, I think Mr. 'All would like a drop of grog."

But I fancy that artful girl must have give him a look, for I'm blowed if he didn't say:

"No, captain, thanks; I'm a—sort of teetotaler."

"He's a lubberly, chicken-hearted milksop," I says, and I set my face agin him from that very first evenin'.

The excuses that young man made for a-comin' to my house after that was something awful, and by-and-bye I noticed Katie and him was a out-bageous long time in sayin' "good-bye" at the front door. I says so to rer one night, and she says:

"I am afraid there is a swelling of the wood in that front door, papa—it doesn't shut at all easy."

I must say that when young 'All put

the matter to me, it were all done ship-shape and proper.

"Captain," he says, "I love her; I'm a-getting on very well, and have you any objection to our being engaged?"

"What are yer?" I says.

"I'm something in the city," he answers.

"Very good," I says, "I must have a court-martial on this here matter," I says; "a ring that bell."

He rings the bell, and in comes our ugly little servant girl.

"I want Miss Katie," I says, "and some rum and hot water."

When Katie comes in, looking so sweet and kind and bashful, I thought of her mother—the poor dead lass I loved so deep and tender—and I felt a choking come up from my poor old heart into my throat. But I only says to 'em as they stood before me, "I shan't have no engagement just yet," I says; "I can't spare my little girl till I've seen more of the man who wants to take her from me; but you can come here, mate, occasionally," says to young 'All, "only I shan't have no engagement just yet."

But I'm afraid they didn't quite catch hold of my meaning about no engagement, for they was such a time at the front door that night that I stepped into the passage to look after that swelling of the wood, and I 'eerd what young 'All said. He says to her, says he, "One more!" he says.

And after that he comes occasionally every night, and the swelling of the wood in the front door got worse and worse.

One morning at breakfast, as I helped myself to another bit of steak, I made the remark that the postman was very late in passing. "He's got caught in a squall, I expect," says I, "or got throwed on his beam end by the lee."

"Why, don't you know, papa," says Katie, "this is Valentine's day, and of course the poor postman has such a lot of letters to deliver he's sure to be a little late. I expect a letter mys'lf this morning," she says.

"Who from?" I asks.

"Have another egg, papa, dear," she answers.

Sure enough there came a valentine for Katie from the young man she were not engaged to. It was a hijeous thing—a lot of flowers and verses, and a lubber with a torch, as Katie said were a hymn, standing by ready to set fire to the whole lot; and at the top was a Cupid, in the most undelicatest clothes I ever see. He wore nothing but a bow and harrier.

"Isn't it love's?" says Katie, "Oh! pa, isn't it lovely?"

"No," I says, "I don't see no sense in sending a thing like that; and that Cupid," I says, "ought to be ashamed of himself. Now there'd be a sense some sense," I says, "if he'd sent you say the picture of a ship, with you and him a-shepping on board, saloon passengers, passage paid; and a picture of me at the top as a gardening hangel, a-superintending everything. But understands me," I says, "in proper clothes, not to catch my death of cold like that undelicate Cupid!"

I remember that day well, because that was the time I had a row with Charlie 'All, and forbid him the house.

We was sitting together in the parlor that night, Katie away getting supper ready. All of a sudden he says:

"Captain, what made you so awfully bald?"

Now, I never liked his laughing, ridiculing ways, and I answers very short:

"Dooty."

"How do you mean?" he says.

"We was in the China seas, one time when I was a cabin boy on board the Morton Bay."

"Yes," he says; "goon."

"We was attacked by pirates," I says, "and the captain ordered me to stand forward and never to leave a certain spot on deck till he've me leave. They carried cannon, them pirates did, and they opened fire at me."

"You didn't move?" he says.

"Not a inch," I answers, looking at him steady; "but a cannon ball hit me on the port side of the head."

"You never stirred?"

"Not a inch," I says again; "only the cannon ball carried off all the hair that side. I think the pirates got the range after that shot," I says.

"Why?" asks young 'All.

"Because there come a second ball and hit me on the starb'd side of the head, and carried off all the hair that side."

We didn't talk no more for a spell and then he says, very serious:

"And how did you lose the top?"

"I was a'raid there'd come a third ball," I says, "and the top come off in the frigate."

"You've seen a deal of life, captain?" he says, after a bit.

"Yes," I answers.

"Most of you old travelers have," he observes.

"Aye, aye," I answers.

"Some of you," he says, "have not only experienced a great deal, but you also remember a great deal."

"Cert'nly," I replies.

"Don't you think that, sometimes, some old travelers remember a little more than they experienced?" he says.

I got up to leave the room soon after that; and just as I got in the passage, when he thought I'd closed the door, I 'eerd him say: "The baldheaded old impostor!" laughing to himself as he said it.

Now, to be called "a impostor" would have been bad enough; to be called "a old impostor" was worse; and to be called by such a epithet as "a baldheaded old impostor" was unbearable.

I turned round into the room again, and there was a awful row. One word led to another; and at last I told him never to come aboard my house no more. And I says: "Don't send no more of your valentines here," I says, "with indelicate Cupids to my daughter, as have been brought up stric' rels."

"Ius!" He tried to calm me down, but it was no use.

"May I see Katie before I go?" he says.

"No."

Then he turned to the door, flung it open, and walked away with never a word.

He came round a few days after, but the ragged squal in my stupid old hair; hadn't died down, and I refused to alter what I'd said to him. If a live lord from the admiralty had come after Katie I don't believe I should have thought him good enough—at all events, if he couldn't smoke cavendish and wouldn't join in a friendly glass. I never knew properly how it happened; but I did find out afterward that he met Katie and asked her to marry him right off. She wouldn't leave me like that stupid and cruel as I was; and then young 'All threatened to go away and enlist for a soldier. She clung to him, and begged him to stand by till the storm went down; but he was mad with love, and suppose, for he swore she didn't care for him; and, in his love and anger, I kept his word, and he left her and enlisted.

Almost before we knewed what he'd done his regiment was ordered off—ordered to the Crimea; and away he went.

It was bad weather in our little home after that. I wouldn't own to being wrong; but, in my heart I knowed I was; and I used to sit lonely, night after night, smokin' and thinkin'—thinkin' about young 'All, with his neat, shapely figurehead, and bright eye, and fair hair, and straight boy—thinkin' of him away in the dreadful trenches, with the bitter snow fallin' on the livin', and the dyin', and the dead. Katie said never a word—never a word; but, oh! the awful look of pain in her Bonnie winsome face growing so thin and so pale. And one evenin' I broke down. I was looking at Katie, sitting by the table, just where she sat that first night young 'All come in, I was looking at her, and thinkin' of her mother—my dear lass who sailed safe into harbor so many years ago—and I knowed by the look on her face that her thoughts wasn't in our bright, cozy, warm, little sitting-room, but way across the seas, where the soldiers was, out in the cold snow that awful winter; and I cried, "Oh! my poor girl, what have I done?"

And my darlin' come to me, and threw her arms round my neck, and laid her poor little face against the tears on my cheek. And I said, "Oh! my darlin', I've made many a mistake as I've sailed thro' life; and now I know that when I sent away your Bonnie I'd made 'One More.'"

The weeks passed slowly away, and we got no news from Charlie or of him, till one night Katie came into the room with an open letter in her hand; and all the light had gone from her winsome eyes and her pretty face as she sank with a low cry at my feet and hid her head upon my knees. I took the paper from her poor, little, uttering, trembling hand. It was a letter from the captain of Charlie's company, dated "Before Sebastopol."

This was a part of it: "A fierce attack was made by the Russians last night upon our trenches. The night was bitterly cold and very dark, and snow was falling thickly when the attack was commenced. The enemy crept on us through the darkness and the snow so silently that we had very short notice. The fighting was very desperate, and we were almost driven out. Eventually the enemy slowly retired, and in pursuing them beyond our intrenchments, I got detached from the gallant fellows who were following me. Suddenly the Russians made a steady stand, and renewed the attack. One of the enemy disarmed me, my sword was lying broken at my feet, he had seized me by the throat, I was powerless in his grasp, and his sword was raised high for my death-stroke, when suddenly a soldier of my company, his arms hanging powerless by his side, for he was already sorely wounded, staggered up to us and deliberately threw himself between my bared head and the Russian blade, and the stroke intended for me fell upon his own noble and gallant head. We fell together. I staggered to my feet, and help arriving, the Russian died. * * * The dawn was just breaking when I knelt beside the man whose heroic devotion had saved my life. He was lying in the snow, holy with his own brave blood, a ray of the rising sun shining round his head like a halo of glory. He spoke only once as I raised him into the litter which bore him to the hospital; and the few words that my gallant comrade, Charles Hall, uttered, bade me write to you. * * *

An awful mist was in my eyes, and I could read no more. Then Katie put her hand into her bosom and drew out a paper, and she pointed, still without a word, but with still that awful look upon her face, to a list of soldiers' deaths; and the first name I see was Charles Hall.

"Oh, my darling, my poor darling, what have I done?"

She only clung to me tighter, and bowed her poor little head lower, as she sobbed out, "You didn't mean it—oh, no, you did not mean it, my father. I have often and often thought of how many broken hearts there must have been in the world, and it's only father, that now there is One More."

Days and weeks passed by—I can't bear to think of that time, much less to speak about it—and one night (I remember it same as though 'twas five minutes ago) I heard a step, Katie heard it too, and for a moment a bright color leaped into her face, and a light in her eye, but only for a moment, to leave her paler than before. "Praps you'll guess what's coming, the old tale of a mistake, and mis-carried letters, for our brave boy had recovered from that awful blow."

Katie goes to the door—that swelling in the wood hadn't been noticed

lately—“I hears the clik of the lock, and then one long, loud scream, “Charlie!”

I burst into the passage, and there, fainting, was Katie, clasped tight and close in the arms of young “All.”

I’ve always believed as that sight sent me for a few minutes clean out of my mind. I tore back into the parlor like a raving lunatic, mistook the cat for a lump of coal and jammed her on top of the fire, and couldn’t make out what she was yowling about, till our ugly little servant girl came flying into the room like a Yankee schooner before the wind. I took hold of her and gave her a roaring kiss, not knowing what I was doing. But she did not seem to know, for she says, “Oh, Captin’,” and falls a fainting into my arms. I throwed her under the table and shouted “Fire!”

I needn’t tell you what the end was. When, looking so grand in his sergeant-major’s uniform, with the medals on his great big chest, Charlie took my little Katie to church, he looking so fair and beautiful in his white bride’s dress, with the orange blossoms round her head, my heart was near to burstin’ with joy and pride and thankfulness.

When it come to my part in the service to give a answer out loud, my feelings overcome me, though they’d been laying it into me for weeks past as I must be very careful to say nothing except the few words in the parson’s log-book, and Katie had locked up all the gig since the night afore. The parson asked very solemn who give her away?

“I do, mate,” I says, “and I’ll be scuttled,” I says, “if I could give her to a better man!”

When Charlie left the army and Katie and him settled down here, I come to end my days along of ‘em, and along of the dear little children, the little Katies and the little sergeant-majors who keep on a-comin’ to town. God bless ‘em! Bless the little voices that is such sweet music to my old ears! the little hands that stroke my face, and the little soft lips that kiss my rough old cheeks. I say again, God bless my children’s little children!

* * * * *

“We’l, nurse?”

“Which I begs your parding, captin’, but which, if you’ll please open this little bundle, you’ll see what have just arrive, and which, if you please, captin’, it’s One More!”

A Joke on the Hungry Man.

John Todd, son of the war governor of Ohio, is considerable of a wag. About once a week he has a “stag” card party at his house in Cleveland, and the same circle of friends meet together and practical jokes are in order. Among these is a young merchant who has made a respectable fortune and is wisely about to retire at the age of forty so as to give his time to reading, philosophy and friends. On the card-party night it was the method of this friend to prepare himself for the abundant supper that was always served. He took no dinner on that day and but a little lunch, and therefore his good appetite was remarked and incited these ways to a scheme. As Cannon came to the party on a particular evening the host remarked that his cook had gone away and the steward had met with an accident, and that there unfortunately was nothing to eat but bread and cheese. Brother Cannon, who had a large hollow place in his breast-basket, thereupon philosophically fell to the bread and cheese, not observing that the plate was pushed to him frequently, and as the cards performed their part game after game, he stowed away about a pound of cheese and the same weight of crackers, staying his appetite, though somewhat differently from his preconceptions. Suddenly, when it was observed that he would have no more cheese or crackers, the door of the dining-room flew open and there was disclosed quail on toast, sweetbreads with peas, pate de foie gras, and the most delicious things in the market. The others who had played off on the crackers and cheese, raised a loud roar of laughter as they walked in and overwhelmed the guest, already full, with supplications to eat.—*New York Tribune.*

The World’s Prettiest Woman.

A letter from England says: Keswick, in Cumberland, can boast of one charming possession in the shape of the prettiest woman in England. She is a barmaid at the Nelson wine vaults in that town. Her name is Edith Twentymann, and she is reported to be as good and modest as she is beautiful. She has the gorgeous milk-and-roses complexion that is so rarely seen outside of England, united to splendid eyes, full, dark and lustrous as those of a gazelle, pearly teeth, regular features, with rich dark hair, growing low on the brow, and a figure whose fine outlines were not to be concealed by the cut of her country-made gown. She is simply dazzling, and how such a pearl of beauty has been left hidden in this quiet little town is a marvel. She is well educated, paints in water-colors, and is perfectly free from all vanity and self-consciousness. Had she been born a French woman, she would ere this have dazzled the public in some mute role in one of the great spectacular pieces of the day. As it is, she will probably follow the example of her elder sister, who was as beautiful as she, and who married a good, honest fellow in her own station of life, and is now a comfortable matron, with a house full of children.

What the Clerk Told Him.

“I believe you’re a fool, John,” testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs, as her husband unwittingly presented her the hot end of a potato dish, which she promptly dropped and broke.

“Yes,” he added, resignedly, “that’s what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license.”

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Summer Management of Pigs.

Every farmer should make the best of his resources. Grass is a cheap food for pigs, and a most healthy and profitable diet. Much of the profit on pigs must come from a proper use of grass as a summer food. Some have expressed very grave doubts whether pigs can be fed at a profit in pen all their lives, but we do not think there is any doubt about it. For, if the best feeding will not pay for the food given pigs, then they must be considered unprofitable animals—a position wholly untenable, as it has been abundantly proved that the pig is the best utilizer of food on the farm. We fully believe in the use of grass for pigs, and, if obliged to keep pigs constantly in pen, would carry the grass to them, purely as a matter of health, but better health will make better thrift. We know that pigs will pay a profit when every pound of food from the first to the last day of their lives is charged at the market price. But this requires full feeding, with due regard to every precaution for health.—*National Live-Stock Journal*.

How to Tell Good Butter.

Mr. Robert Hall, an Ohio butter inspector, says that where butter is properly churned, both as to time and to temperature, it becomes firm with very little working, and it is tenuous; but its most desirable state is waxy, when it is easily molded into any shape, and may be drawn out a considerable length without breaking. It is then styled gilt-edge. It is only in this state that butter possesses that rich nutty flavor and smell, and shows up a rich golden yellow color which imparts so high a degree of pleasure in eating it, and which increases its value many fold. It is not always necessary, when it smells sweet, to taste butter in judging it. The smooth unctuous feel in rubbing a little between the finger and thumb expresses at once its rich quality; the nutty smell and rich aroma indicate a similar taste; and the bright golden glistening cream-colored surface shows its height of cleanliness. It may be necessary at times to use the trier, or even use it until you become an expert in testing by taste, smell and rubbing.

Root Crops of the Farm.

All the root crops contain large amount both of nitrogen and ash constituents; among the latter potash greatly predominates.

Turnips contain more sulphur than any other farm crop. The turnip and mangel crop differ in several respects; turnips and Swedes draw their food chiefly from the surface soil; their power of taking up nitrogen from the soil is distinctly greater than that of the cereal crops; turnips are also well able to supply themselves with potash when growing in a fertile soil, but they have very little power of appropriating the combined phosphoric acid of the soil. Fresh applications of phosphatic manures therefore produce marked effects on this crop.

Mangels have much deeper roots than turnips, and also a longer period of growth; they have a great capacity for drawing food from the soil, including nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid. Mangels when harvested off the land are one of the most, if not the most, exhaustive crop that is grown upon the farm. As mangels have not the same difficulty that turnips have of attacking the combined phosphoric acid of the soil, phosphatic manures are in their case of much less importance. Fresh nitrogenous manures, as nitrate of sodium, when applied alone to mangels, usually produce a good effect on the crop, which is not the case with turnips, the latter requiring phosphates as well as nitrogen in their manure.

While the special characteristics of the manure for turnips should be phosphatic, and that of mangels nitrogenous, inasmuch as these both consume large amounts of plant food, a liberal and general manuring with farm-yard manure is in most cases essential for the production of a full crop.

Potatoes are surface feeders and

s are surface fee

As both root crops and potatoes require large quantities of potash, kainit will be found of service on land naturally poor in that ingredient. It will be chiefly required when the crops are raised with artificial manures only, as farm-yard manure will always supply a considerable amount of potash.

Saving of Manure.

The *Country Gentleman* has an article on saving manure in summer, which says the careless farmer throws out the clearings of his stables, and allows his cattle to run in the yard, their droppings and the stable manure being washed away by rains, and all the liquid portions wasted except such as may be accidentally absorbed by the straw and litter. Others, more careful, secure the liquid manure by means of gutters in the stable floors, or by the use of enough litter and absorbents to prevent its waste. If much straw is employed the manure heaps are left exposed to rains; if there is but little litter, the heaps are sheltered to prevent washing. These various modes of treatment are mostly confined to the accumulations during winter; but to obtain the largest amount the required care should be continued through the whole year. Too often a waste of manure is permitted in summer. The

the public streets. Weeds from the garden share the same destination. The tops of early potatoes are left scattered over the ground to the annoyance of the future plowman, instead of devoting them to the manure heap. To these might be added the scrapings of gutters and dishes, dooryard leaves, waste from the kitchen, bones and fish, the daily cleanings of the pig pen, pines, vault cleanings which have been mixed by daily additions of coal ashes or road dust, and droppings from the hen-house; and then throwing over this compost medley a sufficient amount of slops and other liquids to promote some fermentation; and in a few months the heap may be worked over after some decomposition has taken place.

The farmer and gardener who takes the pains to secure these fertilizing materials accomplishes two objects in one. He clears away offensive matter, and he adds to his yearly supply of manure. By carefully preventing any waste at his barns, beside adding all these resources, the amount of home-made fertilizers may be at least tripled, as compared with the amount obtained by the careless farmer.

Quite coarse and apparently unpromising materials may be converted into finely pulverized fertilizers by means of some fermentation, and working over after rotting together for some months. In this connection, and for illustration, the mode by which fine manure is sometimes made for the nicer gardening operations, may be alluded to. The various coarse and fibrous matters, or common manure, is alternated in layers with road-dust, turf, leaves, etc., and made into a square heap. A depression is made in the top in the form of a shallow kettle, to receive slops or liquid manure. The heap should be kept moist by the supply in this reservoir, but not so wet that the air cannot penetrate it to promote fermentation. In the course of a few months the heap will be ready to work over. In large quantities this manure will be a capital thing for topdressing the ground; on a small scale and finely pulverized with a due amount of sand, it will answer well for window-gardening.

Recipes

CREAM TOAST.—Cut stale bread half an inch thick and dip them in sweet cream. Fry a delicate brown in butter. Serve plain at breakfast or spread with any kind of jam or jelly and use for dessert.

BEEF SALAD.—Young beets boiled skinned and sliced make a very pretty salad if mixed in layers with hard-boiled eggs. They should be seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, and a little vinegar or lemon juice.

HOMINY AS A VEGETABLE.—Wash it through two or three waters, pour boiling water on it, and let it soak for at least ten hours; then put it into a stewpan, allowing two quarts of water to one quart of hominy, and boil it slowly four or five hours, or until it is perfectly tender; then drain it, put it into a deep dish, add salt and a bit of butter, and serve as a vegetable with meat.

LEMON PICKLE.—Put in a jar one teacup of common salt, pour over it one pint of boiling water, and put the lemons into this; cover it over with a plate, and leave it for five days. Drain off the salt and water and add fresh, and at the end of ten days let the lemons drain again. Then pour over them as much hot vinegar as will cover them, with plenty of cayenne pepper and ginger, and a little shalot. Tie down the pots, and look to them occasionally as the vinegar wastes.

BARONESS PUDDING.—Ingredients—Three-fourth pound suet, three-fourth pound raisins, weighed after being stoned; three-fourth pound flour, one-half pint milk and one-fourth salt-spoonful salt. Mode—Chop the suet

line, stone the raisins, cut them in halves, and mix these ingredients with the salt and flour; moisten with milk, stir the mixture well and tie the pudding in a floured cloth, previously wrung out in boiling water. Put the pudding into a saucepan of boiling water and let it boil four and on-half hours. Serve with plain sifted sugar.

Sources of the Wild Bee's Honey.

Nature has restricted the honey-bee, in her unreclaimed state, to the immediate vicinity of timber. In the decayed limbs and trunks of trees that have become hollow with age, she prepares her habitation and stores her food, which is gathered from the surrounding forest, and with a slight variation, in the following order, from the sources named below:

In March, from the maple, the hazel and the white willow.

In April, from the gooseberry, the red bud, the cottonwood, the red and white elm, and the various kinds of oak, and the red willow, and wild plum.

In May, from the wild cherry and dogwood, and the hawthorn.

In June, from sumac, pollen and honey, and from basswood, an abundance of honey, generally.

In July the late kind of sumac furnishes pollen and honey.

In September, from aster and golden red a neat supply of pollen and honey are gathered.

Not a Day's Work.

Macbean, one of the officers, found himself in the breach at Lucknow, almost alone and surrounded by enemies. He killed eleven of them and came off unscathed. He received the Victoria cross at a parade; and, as the general pinned the cross on his breast, he wound up his brief address with: "And a good day's work it was, sir." "Tutts," said my gallant and simple friend, quite forgetting that he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work, "TutN, it didn't take me twenty minutes."